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MISCELLANY.

[The following Tale was written for the New York Amulet, by one who is scarce seventeen years of age.—ED. AMULET.]

THE VICTIM.

ON one of the beautiful hills that surround the city of Florence, there stand the ruins of a dilapidated mansion.—Once it was the abode of an aged widower, whose constant love and consolation centered in an only child: the chaste Serena. She possessed a fine tapering figure; a countenance beaming with all the sweet benevolence of her soul; and a mind, whose natural beauties were polished by the most refined education. Oft with the greatest fondness, she would tend the wants of her decrepit sire; sometimes supporting his tottering frame along the walks of the garden; or, seated by his side, she would tune the harp, accompanied with her voice, in anthems to her Maker.—She had an eye that caught each beauty of Nature's matchless works, and loved to roam amidst the sylvan scenes of her native hills. On one of these excursions, by wandering round to the summit of the hill, she had a full view of the surrounding landscape. It was just that time of year when refreshing Spring loads each tree with fragrant bloom, and awakes the downy songsters of the grove. The hardy peasant seeks his work again, and whistling as he goes, turns up the fattened soil. In front, the beauteous Florence exalts her lofty spires, now gilded by the rising sun.—The distant Arno like molten silver pours along amidst fertile plains, and vine squares fringed with poplars. All is life—all is joy. Her heart swelled with admiration—a tear of silent joy trickled down her cheek. She then approached her mother's tomb, and raising her lovely eyes to heaven, poured forth a silent prayer: then strewed the hallowed spot with flowers bedewed by tears. A tuneful voice now caught her ear, and as its notes died sweetly on the distant hills, she recognized it as her Udolph's.

This young man was the only son of an Englishman, at that time a resident of Florence. Nursed from his cradle in the paths of literature, he had acquired that finished taste, which added dignity to his manly figure. Born to be free, noble, and disinterested in his actions, eager and unwearyed in his pursuits. Such was this interesting pair; the one all modesty and sweetness, the other all affection and dignity. In a few moments, he entered the little enclosure; and gently approaching the object of his affections, exclaimed:—“Ah, my Serena! are you also rambling? How sweet this morning comes! how the heart expands when we view the dark blue Heaven, and endeavor to contemplate the Deity that reigns there! But what motive prompted you to seek this place so early in the morning?”—“A motive, Udolph,” she replied, “which I hope will never forsake me: the remembrance of a mother. Long has it been my care to deck the tomb of that departed saint with the first flowers of Spring; and this sweet morn I left my father for awhile, in order to perform the welcome task. But come, let us go, perhaps he may have need of my assistance.” “Not yet forgot your mother?” “Why should I forget her? she who nursed me; she who taught my infant knees to bend to God; she who strived to make me happy; would it not be most ungrateful to forget so fond a parent? Forgive me Serena; I do not wish to wound a heart so pure as thine.” Judge not too rashly. How admirable does distant water appear, upon the surface of which the sun darts his full rays; what a beautiful picture it presents, to a lively imagination; but how disappointed are we by approaching this beautiful object, when its glassy bosom fades into a muddy pool, covered by the most fetid slime. It is so with character. The outside is often fair, whilst the heart is the seat of corruption.

By this time they had arrived at the mansion, where after visiting the good old Antonio, he again sought the city. A few months after, the venerable Antonio died; and Serena, freed from her former cares, became the happy wife of Udolph. Now in the bosom of his friends, the first in the paths of literature and honor, he enjoyed that happiness, which once he had only viewed in perspective. How oft would the dotting parent, with eyes swimming with delight, view this only son. How oft would the fleeting hours smoothly pass away in sweet communion with a lovely wife. Blessed by the needy and courted by the powerful, he had attained the very acme of human felicity. But ah, how deciduous! happiness ne'er designs to rule below, but builds her throne in heaven. She seeks the world for awhile and fluttering round the head of man, tempts him to seek her joys; but as he grasps the beauteous prize, the phantom vanishes,—and he stumbles in his course.

A short time after, he became acquainted with a young nobleman, who possessed of a ready wit and prepossessing demeanor, soon became the confident of openhearted Udolph. Unhappily, however, he belonged to that class of individuals who scorn the sacred truths of God. With the greatest assiduity, he endeavored to instill the fatal poison of infidelity, into the heart of his virtuous friend. Udolph, at first, was shocked by the infamous principles of his new companion, and would have fled from his deadly snares, but remembering the happy hours he had spent in his society, he resolved, at last, to listen to his opinions. His conscience often smote him, but overcome by the natural perverseness of the human heart, its faithful admonitions gradually decreased, until hurried on from step to step, he at last became the scoffing infidel.—Fatal change! wrought by a poison more deadly to man, than the adder's fiery glance to the warbling innocent of the wood. Soon the kind and guarded expression was changed for the impious oath: now led astray by worthless companions, he forsook the company of a tender wife, for the noisy abodes of intoxication. Nor did the fatal symptoms escape the eye of his faithful partner. She heard the sceptic's scoffs; she perceived the tottering step, when at midnight hour he sought his mournful abode. How the weeping parent would implore; how the affectionate wife would beg him to reform. “Oh, Udolph,” she often would cry, “cease those horrid taunts, nor any further tempt your Maker.—Here, upon my knees, I beseech you to fly those ensnaring paths, which are pregnant with death and ruin. Oh impious man! how dare you mock that name which even angels hush with awe.” He often promised; but alas, it was like the flash amidst the storm, which gleams awhile and all is darkness.

Thus striding on in the broad road of ruin, he daily lost each virtuous thought, and sunk still deeper in vice. Soon overwhelmed by accumulated debts, and distrusted by those who were his former friends, he was obliged to dispose of the last remnant of his once opulent fortune. He sternly told his unsuspecting wife that she must soon prepare to leave her mansion for a less expensive situation in the city. She was struck with astonishment at this declaration, and burst into tears. “What? Udolph,” she exclaimed, “do you mean to tear me from this sweet abode, in which I was born and reared? from those delightful walks, through which I have so often wandered? Ah! what pure and lasting happiness did I once enjoy! what parental smiles were wont to greet me here! But still, still my Udolph, if I again could see you an upright man, I would leave my abode with gladness, and beg my daily sustenance at thy side.”

But that heart, once kind and affectionate, now was callous: the drunkard's ear was deaf to all appeals. The time soon arrived when the gentle Serena was forced to depart from that inheritance, which was her marriage portion. The night was dark and cold, with a heavy storm of rain and sleet, which, tossed by a tremendous wind, drove full in the faces of these miserable travellers. The wretched Udolph, having drowned his cares in wine, went staggering on before; the weeping wife, with an infant babe upon her bosom, followed on, pierced by the chilling cold. Exhausted, faint, and covered with snow, they at length arrived at their miserable abode. A hovel, black with age, in which the bat had long concealed her nest, and covered by a roof of straw which admitted the storm on every side, now received them. There, covered by rags, and supported by the charity of a few individuals around her, she dragged out a miserable existence. Oft when the nocturnal storm is howling around, lonely she sits shivering over a few glimmering embers—but ah, how changed! Those eyes which once the language of her womanlike soul, now are sunk in grief—those cheeks once so rosy, now are pale and hollow—that form, once the model of beauty, now is emaciated to a mere skeleton. “Ah, my darling babe,” addressing her sleeping infant, “how unconscious of thy misery; dreaming, perchance, of thy once happy lot: slumber on my lovely boy, a mother still can cherish you, although you are forsaken by a father.—He who should train your infantine steps, is now sunk in debauchery, with the revilers of your Maker. Wo, unhappy me! scarce twelve months are gone, when I was happy and surrounded by all the joys this world could impart—but now sunk in want and misery. Oh, curst intemperance! Hell's deadliest weapon. Oh, my unhappy child! my ruined Udolph!”

Now subdued by grief, she crawls to a bed of wretched straw, and there pines away her miserable hours. She hears approaching steps. Starting from her

bed, she sees her wretched Udolph enter. Cursing as he walks, and covered with dirt and blood, he staggers in.—With a heart bursting with grief, she endeavors to assist him; but vociferating a horrid oath, he plunges his fist at her tender bosom, and dashes her prostrate upon the floor: there gasping she lies, while blood is pouring from her mouth.

Oh, savage monster! to wound that sainted being, whose greatest pleasure was to see you happy. Oh, man! what will intemperance not bring you to:—once kind and affectionate, the model of all that is virtuous—now the bloated sot, the thief, the murderer. Poor Serena, by being continually exposed, and daily viewing the deeper degradation of her cruel husband, gradually dropped away.

One night, Udolph returned very late, but rather soberer than usual. The candle was glimmering in the socket, and his little babe was sleeping soundly by the side of its mother. He approached the bed, and placed his hand upon the ghastly cheek of his wife; but alas, it was hard! it was cold! He felt again, and endeavored to arouse her, but it was in vain: that heart which had so often yearned over the drunkard, now had ceased to palpitate; those lips which had so often counselled him, were now sealed in death.

“Impossible!” he cried, “is my Serena dead? alas, it is too true: without a friend to comfort her—without a husband to close her dying eyes.” He rushed from the horrid dwelling, and left his wretched child to the mercy of the stranger. Again he sought the dens of misery, and there buried his conscience in renewed intemperance. Fatal antidote!—the bowl—the bowl—around whose edge the scorpion twines, and whose deadly contents death raises to the lips of the drunkard. Now, left entirely to himself, he rushed upon his ruin with a maniac's phrenzy. He who was once the emblem of virtue, and hailed as the rising star of Florence, now filthy and bloated, drags along his palsied limbs, seeking some hole in which to creep at night, or begging a scanty pittance from door to door. Once a father's pride, a mother's idol—now is loathed by the meanest beggar.

One night as he was wandering to find some hole in which to rest his weary limbs, he by chance approached the grave-yard. The night was rather dark, except when at times, the moon forsook the clouds, and beamed with peerless beauty. No form was seen—no sound, except the screech-owl's distant shriek, disturbed the awful calm. Trembling, he walked amidst the mossy tombs, until a neat white slab attracted his attention. Just at this moment the moon cast a faint gleam upon the marble's surface. He read the inscription:—“To our Serena and her little Udolph.” He shuddered at the sight, and looking wildly round, fled from the hideous spot.

It was not long after this event, when he was seized as a dangerous vagrant, and immured in the prison of the Lazaretto. His dungeon was dark and clammy, with its side and crevices infested by the most loathsome reptiles. There, he suffered the very extreme of misery, with the hard stone for his bed and the crawling lizard for his companion. The cheerful light of heaven never reached his abode—no sound approached his ear except the harsh grating of his prison door. One night, when his keeper, as usual, brought his wretched meal, he found him pale and haggard, lying in one corner of his dungeon, in the most frantic convulsions.

“Look! look!” he shrieked, “my murdered wife—my father—all are come to torture me! behold the fiends of darkness! oh, horror! horror!” Frantic with despair, he leaped from the ground, and dashed out his brains against the side of his prison.

Thus perished the miserable Udolph: a sad example of the effects of infidelity and intemperance. Oh, my countrymen! if long you hope to see the starry banner of liberty, wave triumphant o'er our native soil, then shun the accursed bowl. Oh, youth! fly the tempter's “sparkling wine,” for those sparkles are the flashes of a liquid fire, that consume the brain of the intemperate. W.H.O.

From the American Traveller.

THE FALSE FRIEND.

If there is any thing on earth, calculated to elicit the best and warmest feelings of the heart,—if there is any thing which raises, ennobles, and refines the mind of man, it is surely disinterested friendship. I shall not attempt to reconcile the clashing opinions of controversialists, but shall use the term disinterested friendship, in a sense free from the sordid ideas we usually attach to disinterested friendship. And what is more heavenly and divine, than the union of two souls, “cemented, mixed in one.” But in this world, it is wisely ordered that we should learn to appreciate what is

excellent by the force of contrast; and know how properly to estimate virtue, by seeing the baneful effects of vice.

If there is an object on earth which is beneath contempt; an object on which angels gaze with mingled horror and detestation, it is the deliberate, wilful and malicious slanderer. How melancholy to reflect, that any such are permitted to inhabit the land, and breathe the common atmosphere; to dim the fairest prospects, to sheath their barbed arrows in the bosom of worth and innocence. But though the trial of virtue may be severe, yet, it will ultimately prevail.—The envenomed dart of the slanderer, will, at the “set time,” recoil upon himself, and cover him with confusion and disgrace.

The high-minded Graham was endowed with every virtue, and with every grace. His heart was formed for confidence, for social converse, and for friendship. No cringing meanness found place in his bosom; but persevering and determined, he fearlessly trod the path allotted him in life. Confiding in his own integrity, and the justice of heaven, he sought no man's friendship, but on the broad basis of honor. He loved. Yes, though the critic may now throw down my piece in a pat, and deem it unworthy of notice.

“I know there be who barren hearts avow,
Cold as the rocks, or Turnoe's hoary brow;
Whose loneless wisdom never failed,
In self-adoring pride securely mald;
But triumph not, ye peace-enamored few,
Fire, Nature, Genius never dwelt with you;
For you no fancy consecrates the scene,
Where rapture uttered vows and wept between;
‘Tis yours unmoved to sever and to meet,
No pledge is sacred and no home is sweet.”

He loved a being bright and fair.—The lovely Althea possessed all the peculiar charms of woman; all the milder virtues of Graham. Her disposition was tempered with that delicate softness so admirable in her sex. She was not a politician, though the purest patriotism glowed in her bosom. She was not a controversialist, though a humble and devoted Christian. Her sympathetic heart could feel for distress in every form, and could ever find means to relieve the unfortunate, without making parade of her benevolence. Two such hearts, united by the strongest ties, must have been a fit object for the contemplation of Angels. “But ah! the cruel spoiler came,” and came in the form of friendship; and the warm hearted, confiding George Graham.

Van Vaughden, the “accomplished hypocrite,” stole the heart of Graham. He obtained such an ascendancy over him, that he almost persuaded him it was mean and unmanly, to love a woman. At last he prevailed on him to believe the basest slanders on the reputation of the innocent Althea. She saw with pain that the heart of Graham was estranged; she saw too, that Van Vaughden was the cause. She looked upon George as in a kind of delirium, which she hoped and prayed would not last forever. In a mind like his, it could not be of long duration, though Vaughden was in every respect formed to deceive. He possessed all that cool, calculating villainy, of which we have so many specimens and descriptions, joined with the most splendid talents. How many such combinations do we encounter! Even Satan himself was “transformed into an angel of light.”

Van Vaughden was soon to leave England on his travels, and he persuaded George to accompany him. His dark designs, and mercenary views, were not seen by his too confiding friend.—His base slanders of the lovely Althea were still believed, and George left England without ever bidding her adieu.

The proceeded as far as Montpelier; here Van Vaughden complained of ill health, and proposed tarrying to try the effect of the fine air of this beautiful city. They had spent several days here, when George one evening proposed a ramble in the suburbs. Van Vaughden was too ill to accompany him, and he strolled out alone. The night was calm and beautiful; the low, busy hum of the city came in dying murmurs on the breeze; it was an hour for meditation. The thoughts of home and his own dear Althea crossed his mind. He felt that he had used her ill; he even began to doubt Van Vaughden was a villain.—This was the first time such an idea had ever crossed his mind; it came like the chilling frosts of winter o'er his aching heart. He quickened his pace, as if to pert company with his unpleasant reflections. Suddenly he heard a step behind him; he turned quickly around and a dagger gleamed in the pale beams of the waning moon. In a moment they grappled, and the nervous arm of Graham brought the assassin to the ground. The moon-beams fell on his features, and discovered the wretch, Van Vaughden.

For a moment Graham shrunk back, so completely did surprise and horror unnerve him. That moment was near being his last, the villain recovered his feet, and made a furious pass. But his arm was arrested.

“Friend,” cried Graham, “take the reward of thy doings.” He checked himself. “Heaven forbid that I should send an unprepared fellow-being into eternity.”

What was he to do? He still held the struggling Van Vaughden in his powerful grasp: he hesitated not to believe he would plunge his dagger in his heart the moment he relaxed his hold.

“Van Vaughden,” said he, “I now know you to be a villain—a dark, designing villain; but I will give you your life, if you will accede to my condition.”

The exhausted Van Vaughden promised to do all he should require.

“Teli me, then, have you not basely slandered Althea?”

He tremblingly confessed he had.

“Was this deed of darkness, aimed at me, premeditated?”

“From our first acquaintance,” was the reply.

“Will you promise never to return to England, but hide your miserable head in obscurity?”

This he promised; Graham released him, and the pale moon saw them part forever; Van Vaughden to repent, or reap the fruit of his doings; and George Graham to return to England, and be reconciled to Althea. He was received by her much like one who had risen from the dead. They lived to bear testimony to the value of experience. MARIA.

POLITICAL.

The dogs delight to bark and bite.—The Editors of the New York Enquirer and Telegraph came near finishing their dispute upon the nomination of a candidate to the Presidency by a serious affair, in which it is to be lamented both were not little more actively engaged, so far as pugilism and *cavingism* were concerned. Lieut. Webb, who sometime since threatened Green with personal castigation, has just made a journey from New York to Washington for that particular purpose. The New York Enquirer publishes the following letter from Webb.

WASHINGTON CITY,
Thursday, May 6, 1830.—2 P. M.
I arrived here at 11 o'clock, having taken the 5 o'clock stage from Baltimore with a view of being here in time to inflict upon Duff Green, on his arrival at the capital, the personal chastisement which I promised him, and which he so richly merited. I reached the capital about half past eleven, and having ascertained that he was not in either House of Congress, took up my position in the Rotunda, selecting that as the theatre of his disgrace, and not as he on a former occasion, selected a committee room of the Senate, when he pulled the nose of an assistant editor of the—

This being the day on which an interesting race was to be contested on the Washington course, many of the members were leaving the House, and those who knew me were naturally attracted by my position.—They at once saw my object, and urgently recommended me to select some other place to punish Green. I complied with their wishes, and determined to punish him in front of the building. I accordingly repaired to the library, which, as you well know, commands a view of the approach to the capital by the Pennsylvania Avenue, and leisurely waited for the arrival of Green. About one o'clock I saw him enter the gate opposite the west front, and immediately left the Library to meet him previous to his entrance into the building, and thereby avoid the charge of assailing, within the Capital, an officer of Congress.

On my arrival at the foot of the stairs, however, (Green had passed the wide brick walk in front of the door, and entering the building,) I immediately exclaimed—“Well met—I was seeking you!” He retreated backwards a few paces which carried him some distance from the door, drawing at the same time from the right hand pocket of his pantaloons, a pistol, about eight inches long, with percussion lock and half cap, and having a mahogany stock. His retreat, the drawing of the pistol, and its being cocked and leveled at me were the work of a moment, and owing to my distance from him, when he discovered me, I could not close with and disarm him.—After looking at him in silence some seconds, I placed under my arm the walking cane which I used, and leaning against the south jam of the door, addressed him in the following terms, which are still fresh in my recollection:—

“You poor, contemptible, cowardly puppy, do you not feel that you are a coward, and that every drop of blood that courses through your veins is of the same kind of hue as your complexion? There you stand, secured from punishment by a weapon which you dare not use, and virtually proclaiming that you only presume to assail private character, because you think it will not add to your infamy by being known as an assailant! Contemptible and degraded as you are, throw aside your pistol, and I

pl. Ige you my honor as a gentleman, I will not injure you; I will throw away my cane and only pull your nose and box your ears!"

He refused to do so, alleging that he would never descend to my level. He then requested me to proceed and let him pass. I told him that I would not, but that he should pass me as I then stood, or stand and hear me abuse him. He did not dare to pass, fearing that I would take the pistol away from him. After some moments, however, I told him I would return up stairs and proclaim to every member of Congress his cowardly conduct. We accordingly proceeded to the House of Representatives, where I related all that had passed, and from thence hastened to commit it to paper, while the expressions I used to him are still fresh in my memory.

I have already, and will again prove him a wilful and malicious slanderer. He now stands branded as a coward. Can he remain where he is? No. He is a disgrace to the station he fills, and must sink into the oblivion from which he was accidentally brought forth.

JAMES WATSON WEBB.

The Lieut. with all his spunk, has done but little credit to himself even in his own narrative. Why stood he like a bull dog, baying at Duff, instead of biting him at once? Oh the pistol, the pistol! why he would have pistoled me, says the Lieut. The man that attempts to cane another ought not to be frightened by a pocket pistol; and certainly he is a cowardly puppy (he may cane us for saying so) who barks at a distance and utters such slang as he bestowed upon Duff without making him feel his cane, especially when he has run some hundred miles furious with that intent. We seriously suspect the Lieut. is wanting in courage, and that Duff has the right of the argument, though Webb told him some serious truths, when he called him so many cruel names. "There you stand," says Webb, "with a weapon you dare not use." Why did not the Lieut. cane him then? he was certainly, if the truth was told, safe from powder and ball. There is only one way for the Lieut. to retrieve his character and also to do an essential service to the public; and that is to be labour Green most heartily with his fist or cane. We have no regard for duelling, caning or pugilism, but we should like to see this creature of Jacksonism, who has sharked up so many private characters, and who has drawn into his den so many victims—most exquisitely caned—in the most approved style—*se undum artem*, as the conjurors say.

Here is a picture of Jacksonism displayed in all its outlines. The Editors of two of the foremost Jackson papers in the union, calling each other liars, proving each other such, and finally closing the comedy with an attempt to inflict castigation upon the body, since it is vain to make an essay upon a mind seared to every feeling of honor or of shame.

HEAR THE OTHER SIDE.—The following is Duff's Bulletin, which must be read in company with Webb's official Report.

From the New-York Commercial Advertiser.

WASHINGTON, May 7, 1830.

Dear Sir—Your "Senior Editor" is here.—I yesterday, passing up to the Capital, met him at the west front. I had been advised by a letter from New York that he was on his way, for the purpose of carrying into execution his threat of "personal chastisement;" and a friend had given me a pocket pistol. When I met him, I halted on the platform; he raised his cane; I then drew my pistol; he then for the first time, spoke and said: "Throw away your pistol and I will throw away my cane, and give you a damned whipping." To this I replied: "I do not intend to be whipped by you, nor will I put myself in a position to invite attack from you." He then said: "Are you not a coward to draw a pistol on an unarmed man?" To this I replied, "I have not time to waste with you, so you must march out of my path." He said, "I will not." I told him "you shall," and cocked my pistol and presented it, saying at the same time, "march on, march." He said, "I will go back." "Very well," said I; "you may go backward or forward, as you like, but march out of my path." He then turned through the door, and up a flight of steps into the Rotunda, and from thence passed into the Hall of the House of Representatives. When I entered the House, he was giving his version of the transaction to Judge Wayne, of Georgia. I understand that he brags of his triumph, and declares that I am down! I had no other desire from the first than to vindicate my character, and defend my person from his assaults. It would be a source of regret to me to be under the necessity of doing him a personal injury.—If he is satisfied with the issue, I have no cause of complaint—and my only object is to guard against misrepresentation. If he should publish, as in all probability he will, another account of this affair than that which I transmit, I trust that you will do me the justice to insert this in your paper, and also request the Editors of the Herald to do the same.

Your friend, D. Green.

John I. Mumford, Esq. N. York.
*Mr. Webb styles himself the Senior Editor of the Courier & Enquirer.—Eds. Merc. Adc.

Portland Advertiser.

JEFFERSON—NO. 8.

I have given you in my last numbers an abstract of the proceedings of the Senate, and have detected the strange inconsistencies of the gubernatorial and senatorial Committees. I return now to the House of Representatives.

On the 12th of Jan. an order was offered for acceptance by Mr. Boutelle, of Waterville, who I may be allowed to say, by the way, is an able, energetic and experienced man—deeply versed in Constitutional law. This order, I copy verbatim.

"Whereas it was most effectually made known to this House on the first day of the Session by the Secretary of State, that he had laid the votes before the Senate; and whereas it is not known to this House that any measures have been taken to examine said votes, in consequence of which the public business is delayed; ordered, that a message be sent to the members of the Senate, requesting them to send the House the list of votes for Governor, in order that the same may be examined according to the provisions of the Constitution."

I am unable to search out an iota in this order which should have prevented its immediate passage. I see no insult upon the Senate, no insinuation, no lurking proposition, fair on its front, but deformed in substance. It proposed the performance of a constitutional duty on the part of the House. Hence Mr. Boutelle urged in support of it Art. 5, Sec. 3, of the Constitution, which expressly declares that the Secretary of State shall on the first Wednesday of Jan. lay before the Senate and House of Representatives the votes there to be examined. The Senate and House then have concurrent jurisdiction in regard to these votes. One Branch has as much right to the possession of them as the other—and as the Senate was unorganized—six days of the session having already passed—as the probability of organization was then far distant—there was a peculiar propriety in an order of this import.

There was no Senate *de facto*; Members of the Senate sat as a Convention of Senators; but this branch of the Government, which the Constitution recognises as an organized Senate with a President, Secretary, &c. was not then in existence. To meet the subject on another ground, which to be sure is contested, there were not twenty members of the Senate present, and therefore that provision of the Constitution which declares the Senate shall consist of twenty members, had not been complied with;—a convention of the Members then had no right to the possession of the votes. But for the sake of argument, grant there was a Senate *de facto*. The Senate was unorganized, and dark was the probability of its ever being able to take cognizance of the votes. Hence the propriety of the order offered in the House. That body proposed, as it was legally organized, to take possession of papers granted to it in conjunction with the Senate; to assume the custody of them, and to guarantee their safety. Remember, the order is only a request for the Senate to do so and so, not a peremptory mandate, but a petition of the democratic Branch of the Government for liberty to exercise its vested powers. Why then arose any opposition to an order so unassuming, so alive to the public interest, so careful of public property? There was no cause for opposition, except the desire of protracting the session and of disorganizing the government. Who were the opposers, and what were their reasons? Let us see.

Mr. Smith of Nobleborough, who has, since the adjournment of the Legislature, been paid for his services with the Marshalcy of Maine, immediately opposed it. "He was not prepared to act; he was not well versed enough in the Constitution to decide upon a measure forthwith; he wanted time for reflection; he did not like the looks of the order, for it was pregnant with ulterior objects, that overlooked the mere possession of the votes; he was not prepared to say it was unconstitutional, right or wrong, and therefore he concluded his remarks with a motion to lay the order upon the table. I have spread out his excuses, or arguments at length, for they are illustrative of the Jacksonian method of protracting a debate and putting off a question, when their inability to meet it face to face, demonstrated their argumentative inferiority. Motions to lay an order upon the table, to adjourn, &c. were little links in the great chain of disorganization, whither all the energies of that party were tending. Their minority was known; their party was beaten—and the last redoubt they could erect was disorganization. The leaders of the Jackson party were afraid to trust the gubernatorial votes to the House; they were determined that the Senate should keep them, for it was well known that parties were divided in that body eight to eight. But why this fear of the House, and this confidence in the Senate? It becomes the Jackson party, who arrogate to themselves all the unalloyed democracy of the country to distrust the House of Representatives, for this is the democratic body. The people are there immediately represented by men, who are directly from among them—directly accountable—and consequently more liable to speak their true sentiments. Be it remembered too, that in this body the National Republicans were in the majority, while in the Senate, the more aristocratic branch of the government, there was an equality of political power.

Mr. Smith, I said, opposed the order. He was followed in the opposition by Sergeant Shaw, Elder Knowlton, John Ruggles, Jabez Bradbury, and Swett of Prospect. All gave the same reasons for postponing the order. They wanted time to study the constitution from which it appears, they had bound themselves by oath to protect an instrument, of whose contents they were ignorant. It would have been far more honorable to those gentlemen, could they had the magnanimity to speak their thoughts and to say, that it was their wish to consult in caucus what it was best to do, now a proposal was made, which in the end, might probably lead to the organization of the government. Delay they wanted, it is true but not for study, nor for reflection, nor for the public good, but for consultation with the higher powers, that were behind the curtain, and who were more skilful in jugglery, combinations, and numerations than themselves.

The motion for postponement was rejected—Nays 73—Yeas 71. It was a party question; and in the years, I believe were included all the Jacksonmen. After further debate however, and after it was understood that the Senate was organized, and there was a probability of proceeding to business, the order was laid upon the table.

I have been very particular in enumerating the circumstances relating to this order, not for the importance of the order itself but because it is as the beginning of an organized opposition to every thing which should accelerate the business of the session.

It may not be amiss here, to review the situation of things preparatory to another number in the House more diffusely. The fact, that eight individuals in the Senate, were the cause of all previous and subsequent delay, need not be repeated. This branch of the government which had certain constitutional duties to perform, refused to perform those duties. Having the power to balance every question by numerical strength, they grasped the more dangerous power of controlling the co-ordinate branches

of the government. The doctrines upon which they grounded their acts, which stripped of their sophistry, were virtually these—

"There are eight of us here. We have the power to refuse the acceptance of every proposition. We have the power to control the House by refusing to accede to its measures. The gubernatorial Report cannot be accepted without our consent, nor can the vacancies be filled without our concurrence. Without a governor, there can be no regular government. Consequently no appointments can be made—and our partisans will have another year to triumph in, during which they can exert themselves for the re-establishment of lost empire. The blame of non organization must fall upon the majority in the House, since the majorities are apparently accountable, and not the minorities. We are in the minority, but we can control the majority, and force them to yield, or to adjourn without day." This may be an uncharitable construction of their acts, but observation and facts compel me to believe it just.

Our constitution never intended to clothe the Senate with dictatorial and aristocratic powers. It defines the relative powers of the Senate and House—and though the distinction is often delicate, yet it requires no depth of penetration to see that eight members of the Senate, in fact, a minority of twenty, have no power to protract the organization of government. In the warmth of political excitement, such powers would give to a lean majority in the Senate, yea to an equality, the ability to set the House at defiance—to dictate who should be Governor, and who should not be—never to go into Convention, to fill vacancies or to elect Counsellors, or to qualify a governor—or even to count votes, unless in their majesty they should be so condescending. The constitution on these points is, however, imperative—and does not leave these duties to the decision of members. Its commands are omnipotent. The course of duty is marked out—and we to the individual, who is reckless enough to set it at defiance.

It may not be amiss, then to inquire what that duty was. Let the Constitution speak for itself. "The Senate shall consist of not less than twenty members." Sixteen only, were allowed by the President, of the Senate to vote at the Board. Notwithstanding the vacancies had been filled with the constitutional candidates, and notwithstanding they had once voted at the Senate board, and had been declared by a vote of the Senate duly elected. Again, The Constitution says, "The Senate," (if there be any vacancies,) "shall, on the first Wednesday of January," convene with the House, elect by joint ballot, the number of Senators required to fill the vacancies—and in this manner all vacancies in the Senate shall be supplied as soon as may be, after such vacancies happen. Was this duty ever performed by the eight Jacksonians? No. Upon them, then, let the indignation of the people fall. They disfranchised York and Washington, and when the two counties appeared at the Senate Board with their constitutional Representatives they denied them a seat, refused their votes—and with an assumption of power unknown to the genius of our government, their President clamored them down, and ordered his Secretary not to call over their names, after the Senate had ordered them to be placed there.

The requisitions of the constitution are peremptory. The vacancies must be filled "AS SOON AS MAY BE." Did the powers of the constitution ever intend that one branch may refuse to do what is peremptorily ordered. There is no choice left to either branch; on such points None are to ask, what is it best to do, or not to do. For the mandate of the constitution is omnipotent. The eight Jackson Senators, therefore, refused to do what the constitution commanded them to do; and the House offered to perform its duty—as I shall show in my next number. JEFFERSON.

The Jackson papers talk a great deal about the "abominable tariff;" and call it all Mr. Clay's System. (See the Eastern Republican. Now we will trip up their heels by one question. If this tariff is such a horrid affair, why don't you, with decided majorities of Jacksonites in both houses of Congress, repeal it? Mr. Clay is on his farm in Kentucky, and has no voice in the matter. Why make all this talk, when you have the power in your own hands at any hour to destroy the monster if you see fit. The fact is, the Jackson party is completely divided on this subject, and they cannot repeal it.—Bangor Reg.

The private history of the "Delia Bodge affidavit" has been unfolding for some time. We are in possession of most of the beautiful and striking features of this delicate specimen of Jackson electioneering, and the names of the dignitaries who figured in the different stages of its production. Two or three majors and colonels stand conspicuous on the list. We shall probably by and by, at our leisure, give to the world such items as may be interesting. We fear that some of the worthies may stagger under the load.—Ib.

On the 10th inst. the nomination of Amos Kendall as Fourth Auditor of the Treasury was confirmed in the Senate of the United States by the casting vote of the Vice President, and the nomination of M. M. Noah as Surveyor of the port of New York rejected by a vote of 25 to 23. The nomination of Moses Dickson to the office of Receiver of Public Moneys at Cincinnati, in the State of Ohio, and of J. B. Gardiner to be Register of the Land Office at Tiffin, in the same state, were rejected by large majorities. They were both Jackson Editors.

The facts in relation to the Post Master at North Livermore are creeping along at last. The following from the Kennebec Journal will throw some light upon a subject so dark.

A HARD CASE TO REFORM.—When we heard of the appointment of Col. Jesse Stone, of Livermore, to be Postmaster of North Livermore, we did not know what to make of it. We knew he was a most estimable citizen, and we supposed not the right sort of a man to be easily converted to Jacksonism. On inquiry we found that Mr. Washburn resigned the office of postmaster last Fall, and at the same time sent on a recommendation of Col. Stone as his successor. The resignation was accepted, but no commission came on for Col. Stone. Instead of it, there was a letter from the Department, directing Mr. Washburn to give public notice of his resignation, and request a meeting of the citizens of the town to agree upon a successor. Accordingly a meeting was notified and held, and Col. Stone agreed upon unanimously. The result was sent on to Washington—but no commission came. Instead thereof, was a direction to call another meeting of the citizens. It was done accordingly, and Col. Stone was again nominated unanimously, and the Postmaster General informed thereof.—But still no commission came on. Mr. Washburn not considering himself authorized to open the U. S. mail, great inconvenience was felt by the people of that part of Livermore in consequence of there being no Postmaster, and the Postmaster General was written to, stating the urgency of the case, the long delay in filling the vacancy, and the entire unanimity of the people who obtained their letters at North Livermore, in recommending Col. Stone. But still no postmaster was appointed for them.—Two postmasters of other places, prominent Jackson men, were next written to from the Department, for their assistance in recommending a postmaster for North Livermore. They made some inquiries and finding no Jacksonmen could be found who wanted the office, they concluded to recommend Col. Stone, and after several months delay a commission came on for him.

Whether it was Mr. Ripley or some one else who informed the Postmaster General that Col. Stone was not a Jacksonman, we do not know—but it is very evident that Col. Stone would not have been appointed if any Jackson man could have been found in the village of North Livermore capable of performing the duties; and all the delay was caused in hope that the vacancy would open the eyes of some new convert to Jacksonism. But the people happened all to be too honest, and the Postmaster General after holding up the office as a bait for a long while in vain, was obliged at last, in one instance to regard the voice of the people concerned, and appoint the man they had recommended over and over again. This throws a little additional light on the principles, the republican principles, which govern the present administration.

PORT HOPE, (U. Canada) TELEGRAPH.—A new paper bearing this title has lately been established, which in our opinion will succeed well. There is no newspaper establishment between Kingston and York, for a distance of more than one hundred and eighty miles.—Port Hope is situated sixty-five miles east of York, on the great mail road between Kingston and York. Having some knowledge of that part of Canada, we should be of the opinion that there will be but one difficulty in publishing a paper in that part of the country, and that is in the arrangement of the mails. The country being newly and thinly settled, roads miserable, and there are few if any mail routes extending back into the interior.

Read this ye Jackson-men and blush!!!

The present Post Master General asks of Congress an appropriation of Eighty thousand dollars to sustain his Department—the first instance, under the government of such an application—"all the expenses of the Department (as Mr. Barry says) having hitherto been defrayed by its own resources, without any appropriation, at any time, to meet them from the Treasury!"

Words could not more clearly or fully illustrate the character of the Reform, introduced into this Department, than does this simple unadorned statement. Every previous Post Master General has paid money into the Treasury—some of them large sums—the present Head demands an appropriation, and says he can't get along without it, unless he reduces the faculties which the Post Office now affords. So that Congress have no alternative but to put their hands into the Treasury, and help this gentleman out of difficulty, or throw the Post Office establishment into disorganization.

Fredoman.
EIGHTY-SIX THOUSAND DOLLARS!!!—REFORM—REFORM—REFORM!

The Bill for the relief of the Revolutionary Soldiers, which passed the House of Representatives a few weeks since, has been defeated in the Senate! The effect of this bill, had it become a

law, would have been to restore the very liberal and benevolent construction of the Pension laws adopted under the Administration of President Adams, and to extend the benefit of those to a numerous and deserving class of veterans whose appeals to the justice of their country have hitherto been in vain.—Thus have the hopes of these aged men been once more cruelly blasted, at the very moment when they seemed on the point of being realized.

The vote on this important bill in the Senate seems to have been nearly a party one. The Jackson Senators voted almost in a body against the bill, and the Republicans were nearly unanimous for it.—Hallowell Advocate.

"MURDER WILL OUT."—For some days past a considerable excitement has existed in this place and neighborhood on account of certain disclosures of criminal acts and intentions, made by a young man on his death-bed before last in Litchfield; & as the public cannot but be deeply interested in the subject, we deem it our duty to give a statement as near to the facts as we are able to collect.

A young man in Litchfield, eighteen or twenty years of age, by the name of Edmund Williams, was, some few weeks since taken dangerously ill. As the prospect of his recovery became smaller, he appeared to be in some great and unaccountable mental distress. At length he took occasion to reveal to a friend the cause of his troubles, declaring that he could not leave the world in peace without making certain disclosures of crime in which he and two others had been concerned. He stated, as we understand, that about four years ago, he was enticed by two of his relatives living in Litchfield, viz. Levi Williams and Isaac Arno, to become an accomplice with them in the business of stealing, storebreaking, and robbing, if not also, as the sequel would seem to show, of murdering. That, being young, he was instructed by them in the safest means of carrying on the work of crime;—that he was first directed to steal articles particularly exposed, which he did, such as clothing left out during night, bee-hives, &c. that from these beginnings he advanced with them to the breaking open of stores, &c. In the particulars of his disclosures, he mentioned several stores—one or two in Bowdoinham, one in Richmond, and one in this town—which this criminal trio had broken open in the night time and robbed. That his statements were true, appears not only from the circumstances under which he made the disclosures, but from the fact that the owners of those stores, on applying to him, previous to his death, were able under his direction, to find where their goods were secreted and obtain many of them again.

But the most horrible disclosure of all is yet to come. Many of our readers are probably acquainted with the name of Robert Patten, Esq. a wealthy and respectable old gentleman residing in Litchfield. Supposing that he had a considerable sum of money in his possession, these monsters had formed the design of entering his house in the night murdering the old gentleman and his family if necessary, and after securing the money, setting fire to the house! The instruments of death were prepared—long knives or daggers attached to handles several feet in length, clubs, &c.—and the night was fixed upon for the execution of this horrid purpose.—But a special providence seems to have been interposed to prevent this accursed work. On the day, or but a day or two previous to the night assigned, the younger Williams was taken sick, and the business was postponed to await his recovery. But he grew worse and as length his life was despaired of. In this situation, conscience awoke its awful power in his guilty breast.—He could no longer conceal what was the cause of his mental agony. Feeling that he was about to enter another world, he was constrained to confess his guilt to both God and man; and accordingly he made the disclosures before mentioned. He died about a fortnight since. Previous to his disease, we understand, he gave his deposition, under oath, before a magistrate of all the facts, and probably more than we have been able to collect. His disclosures are fully credited. Warrants have been issued for the apprehension of Levi Williams and Isaac Arno, but, they effected a seasonable escape and it is not known where they are. It is greatly to be hoped, that all good citizens will endeavor to aid the civil authorities in bringing them to trial. Williams is said to be a spare man short of 30 years of age; Arno about 32.—Previous to the disclosures of the diseased Williams, we do not learn as any suspicions of crime were attached to them. They were farmers.

GREAT FORTUNE.—It is stated in the N. Y. Mercantile Advertiser, that information has been communicated to the British Minister at Washington, that Capt. Thomas Bolton Finch, the present commander of the U. S. ship Vincennes, is the legal heir to the title and great estates of the Earl of Bolton.—The Vincennes was at Canton early in January, to sail in a few days for home, and may soon be expected.

RINGING FRUIT TREES.—Having lately seen in the garden of Nathan Bridge Esq. of Charlestown, the effects of ringing fruit trees, with a view to the early production of fruit, it occurred that something on the subject might be seasonable. The following are the directions for this process, given in Dr. Thacher's Orchardist.

Method of forcing Fruit Trees to blossom, and bear fruit.

With a sharp knife cut a ring round the limb or small branch which you wish should bear, near the stem or large bough, where it is joined; let this ring or cut penetrate to the wood. A quarter of an inch from this cut, make a second like the first, encircling the branch like a ring a quarter of an inch broad between the two cuts. The bark between these two cuts must be removed, clean down to the wood; even the fine inner bark, which lies immediately upon the wood, must be scraped away, until the bare naked wood appears, white and smooth, so that no connexion whatever remains between the two parts of the bark. This barking, or girdling, must be made at the precise time when, in all nature, the buds are strongly swelling, or about breaking out into blossoms. In the same year a callus is formed at the edge of the ring, on both sides, and the connexion of the bark is again restored, without any detriment to the tree or the branch operated upon. By this simple operation, the following advantages will be seen:—1. Every young tree, of which you do not know the sort, is compelled to show its fruit, and decide sooner whether it may remain in its present state, or requires to be grafted. 2. You may thereby, with certainty get fruit of a good sort, and reject the more ordinary!—The branches so operated upon, are hung full of fruit, while others that are not ringed, often have none or very little on them. This effect is explained from the theory of the motion of the sap. As this ascends in the wood and descends in the bark, the above operation will not prevent the sap rising into the upper part of this branch, but it will prevent its descending below this cut, by which means it will be retained in and distributed through the upper part of the branch in a greater portion than it could otherwise be, and the branch and fruit will both increase in size much more than those that are not thus treated.—The twisting of a wire or tying a strong thread round a branch has been often recommended as a means of making it bear fruit. In this case, as in ringing the bark, the descent of the sap in the bark must be impeded above the ligature, and more nutritive matter is consequently retained, and applied to the expanding parts. The wire or ligature may remain in the bark. Mr. Knight's theory on the motion of the sap in trees, is "that the sap is absorbed from the soil by the bark of the roots, and carried upward by the albumen of the root, trunk and branches; that it passes through the central vessels into the succulent matter of the annual shoots the leaf-stalk and leaf; and that it is returned to the bark through certain vessels of the leaf-stalk, and descending through the bark, contributes to the process of forming the wood. A writer in the American Farmer, says he tried the experiment of ringing some apple, peach pear, and quince trees on small limbs, say from an inch to an inch and a quarter in diameter. The result was, the apples, peaches and pears were double the size on those branches than any other part of the trees: in the quinces there was no difference. One peach, the Heath, measured on a ringed limb, in circumference 11 1-4 inches round, and 11 3-4 inches round the ends, and weighed 15 ounces. The limbs above the ring have grown much larger than below it. If the ring be made so wide that the bark cannot unite the same season, the branch will perish.

DANDELIONS.—Capt. David Whittier of this town, has within a few years paid some attention to the cultivation of this valuable plant—and he informs us that he has them much earlier than they naturally grow in the fields. He shew us last week what he cut from one root—being 254 spears, which weighed 9 1-2 ounces. There is probably no culinary edible in the whole vegetable kingdom, so conducive to health as the dandelion.—*Belfast Farmer.*

To produce Early Cabbages.—A writer in the Domestic Encyclopedia, gives the following method to produce early cabbages:—In the spring, as soon as the sprouts on the cabbage stalks have grown to the length of a plant fit for setting, cut them out with a small slice of the stalk, about two inches long; and if the season permit, plant them in a garden, and the usual care will produce good cabbages.

Caterpillars.—A gardener at Glasgow, having observed that a piece of woollen which blown by the wind, had accidentally lodged upon a gooseberry bush, was soon covered with Caterpillars, he took the hint of putting pieces of stuff upon other plants infested with these insects: the Caterpillars took refuge upon them during the night, and in this easy way the bushes were soon cleared of them.—*Silliman's Journal of Science.*

As might be expected, rumor with her thousand tongues has framed many reports of crimes, acknowledged by the deceased to have been committed—such as that they murdered a pedlar in this town a year ago and sunk his body in the Kennebec, that they assaulted and attempted to rob several individuals, &c.; but such reports have not come to us sufficiently authenticated to warrant us in believing them. What we have stated we believe to be uncontradicted. The public should be on its guard. We have fallen on evil time. Accounts of crimes of the deepest dye are every week coming to hand from different parts of the Union. Our laws should be enforced—promptly and rigidly enforced!
Gardiner Chronicle.

BANK NOTE TABLE.

MAINE	10 per ct.	100 per ct.
Bath Bank, do	do	do
Wiscasset, do	do	do
Pasamunquoddy, do	do	do
Hallowell & Augusta, do	do	do
Castine, do	do	do
Kennebec, do	do	do
All others 1-2	do	do
NEW-HAMPSHIRE.	1-2 a 3-8	1-2 a 3-8
All Banks, do	do	do
Boston Banks, do	do	do
Springfield, do	do	do
Nantucket, do	do	do
Brighton, do	do	do
Pacific, do	do	do
Mann, and Mech. Nantucket, do	do	do
Sutton Bank, do	do	do
Farmer's Bank, do	do	do
Chertown, do	do	do
RHODE-ISLAND.	1-2 a 3-8	1-2 a 3-8
Farmer's and Mechan-	do	do

SPECIAL.	\$15 25 a \$15 37	\$15 25 a \$15 37
Doubleloans, do	do	do
Patriot, do	do	do
Guineas, do	do	do
Sovereigns, do	do	do
Napoleons, do	do	do

MARRIED.
In this village, on Thursday evening last, by Henry Rust, Esq. Mr. Aaron Shackley to Miss Margaret Russell, of Orono.
In Greenwood, Mr. Jefferson Needham to Miss Mary G. Stevens.
In Howard's Gore, Mr. John Morgan to Miss Frances Bean.
In Sumner, Mr. Lewis Sampson, of Hartford to Miss Meriam Crockett.

DIED.
In Waterford, on the 17th inst. Mr. Josiah Farrar, aged 50, formerly of Marlboro', N. H.

H. G. CARTER,
NO. 9.
Mussey's Row, Middle-St. Portland.

DRY GOODS.
SHEETINGS, Shirtings, Tickings, Calicoes, Gingham, Silks of all kinds, Battistes, Palmgrens, Barrages, Fancy Handkerchiefs, Linens, Bleach'd Cottons, Lawns, Hosiery, Gloves, Mitts, Ribbons, Laces, Summer stuff Goods; Merino, Silk, Cashmere, Cotton, and other SHAWLS; CRAPE; Crape Shawls, at the lowest prices for CASH.

WANTED,
100 Yards fine all WOOL CLOTH; Mill'd would be preferred.
100 Yards TOW CLOTH, do. do.
May 24, 1830. 3w 48

HENRY GODDARD & CO.
No. 5, Union Row, Middle-Street.

HARD WARE. Shelf and Heavy GOODS, which make their Stock for Spring unusually heavy and complete. Among the heavy articles are—
50 dozen Joy and Son's SCYTHES;
60 " common and steel plate HOES;
3000 ft. Window Glass, assorted, from 6 x 8 to 12 x 16;
60 Casks Cut NAILS;
60 Bundles Philadelphia SHOVELS;
3 Cases Philadelphia MILL-SAWS;
4 Cases MUSKET'S;
2 " Fowling PIECES;
1 Bale Russia QUILLS;
4 Bbls. Block tin TEA POTS;
6 Cases Cotton and Wool CARDS;
2000 Quarter Screw AUGURS;
100 dozen Hoax COMBS;
Sheet and Bar Lead; Brass Kettles; Sad Iron; Anvils and Vises; Moulding Tools, Bench Planes, &c.
The above will be sold at a very moderate profit for cash or approved credit.
Portland, April 29. 3w 48

NEW IMPORTATION OF HARD WARE.
THOMAS B. BROOKS
HAS just received by the ship Mores from Liverpool, an assortment of HARD WARE, suitable for the season; consisting in part of Door Locks; Latches; Hinges; Butts; Screws and wrought Nails; plated and tinned Sadlery; Furniture Trimmings and Mechanics' Tools; the most of which are at much lower prices than usual.

Also for sale, Harness, Skirting, Chaise Top and patent LEATHER, constantly supplied from one of the largest establishments in the U. States.
Cut Nails, Brads and Spikes; Hollow Ware; Sheet Lead; Fowling Pieces of all descriptions; Powder, Shot, Percussion Caps, Gun Locks, Flints, and Hard Ware in general, on very favorable terms.
Portland, April 23, 1830. 3w 48

JOURNAL OF HEALTH.
PUBLISHED twice a month, \$1.25 per annum or sixteen numbers can be had for one dollar, remitted post paid to SAMUEL COLEMAN, Portland, Agent for Maine. May 11.

VALUABLE LANDS FOR SALE, IN THE STATE OF MAINE.

TWO Townships of Land, situated in the County of Oxford, lettered B & C, containing 45,000 acres, advantageously lying on lake Umbagog, and adjoining the State line with New-Hampshire. The Cumberland and Oxford Canal, commencing at Portland, opens a water communication within 35 miles of the Townships, and the shortest routes from Portland & Hallowell to Colebrook on the Connecticut River, pass through letter B. In this latter Township, which contains about 24,000 acres, there are upwards of 20 settlers, a Grist-mill & Saw-mill now in operation, a number of mill privileges, with abundance of valuable timber, and an extensive run of meadow land. The quality of the Land is very good, and these numerous advantages render this township a most eligible purchase. There is a considerable quantity of Pine Timber in both Townships, which can with facility be sent to market by water, and always command cash. The road through letter B, from Coos, on the Connecticut River, has been a county road for some years, and very recently an alteration of considerable extent has been made in letter B, which has much improved the Township and the communication. The roads from Portland and Hallowell, meet about 1 and a half miles from the west line of B. The Lake and Meadow are very beneficial to the settlers, the former affording abundance of fish, and the meadow producing excellent hay. In the deed of letter B, from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, there is a reservation of 1280 acres, to be divided into four equal portions; viz: one for the first settled Minister, one for the support of the ministry, one for the support of Schools and one reserved for future appropriation.

The number of acres in letter C, conveyed by the Commonwealth, is 21,000. No settlement has yet been commenced in this township. A new county road has been laid out through it, which, when completed, will open a communication from the Lake to Paris, which is the shire town, and is on the road to Portland. The land is an average quality with the other Townships in its vicinity, (with the exception of letter B,) which is superior to the others.

The above land will be sold at Public Auction, at the Merchant's Hall, in Boston, on Thursday, the 22d day of June next, at 12 o'clock, M. by Mr. STEPHEN BROWN, Auctioneer.

If found more convenient, letter B may be sold in two separate parcels, one on the north and the other on the south side the dead Cambridge river, which divides the Township into parts nearly equal.

Persons requiring further information respecting them, and who are disposed to treat for a purchase at private sale, are referred to GEORGE HOUNSFIELD, Esq. No. 256, Pearl-st., New-York; to CHARLES VAUGHAN, Esq. Hallowell, and SOLOMON ADAMS, Esq. of Farmington; both in the County of Kennebec, State of Maine.

A clear and indisputable title will be given.
May 17, 1830. 3w 48

NEW AND CHEAP GOODS!
ROGERS & CUTLER,
MIDDLE-STREET, PORTLAND.

HAVE just received a large assortment of DRY GOODS, for Cash or approved Credit, at low prices—

AMONG WHICH ARE
1 Case elegant LEHORN BONNETS, very cheap;
Cases of low price CALICOES;
Cases of nice, do.
Ribbons, Battistes, Palmgrens, Cambrics, Muslins, Gingham, Shawls, Cravats, Bonnet Cambrics, Vestings, Linens, Lawns, Buttons, Hosiery, and Gloves, &c. &c.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF THIN GOODS,

for Men and Boys summer wear—such as Jeans, Drillings, Stripes, &c. &c.
Bales of Factory Goods—Shirtings, Sheetings, Checks, Gingham, Bed Tick, and the first quality of Warp YARN.

—ALSO—
BROADCLOTHS, CASSIMERES, AND SATINNETS.

Purchasers will find at their Store the best assortment of DRY GOODS in the State.
May 15. 6w 48

GENERAL BROKER'S OFFICE.

The subscriber has taken an Office, No. 3 Mussey's Row, Middle-Street, (up stairs) where he offers his services as a Broker and General Agent for negotiating every description of Stocks, Promissory Notes and Bills of Exchange. He will also attend to the leasing and transferring of real estate, effecting loans on mortgage, procuring insurance, exchanging Money, and to every branch of business usually conducted by a Broker.

As his attention will be given exclusively to Brokerage, he hopes by prompt attention and reasonable charges to merit encouragement.

Information will be given at all times relative to rates of Exchange and Insurance, the price of Stocks, and the standing of Banks.
GEORGE WILLIS,
No. 3, Mussey's Row, Portland.

SPECTACLES

200 Pairs Spectacles suitable for all ages, just received and for sale by the subscriber. Also, Pen and Pocket Knives, a great variety; Scissors; Razors; Razor Straps; Lather; Cloth; Teeth, Head, and Shoe Brushes;—Sponge Blacking; Good Blocktin Tea Pots; Pins with heads and points; Britannia Table Spoons; Plated Tea Spoons; Snuffers; Table Steels; Tea Bells; Pocket Combs, &c. &c. &c. together with a general assortment of Fancy Goods, which he is authorized to sell at much lower prices than formerly.
ASA BARTON, Agent.
Norway, May 24. 3w 48

Just received as above, the BOOK OF HEALTH, which ought to be in the possession of every family. Also, the May number of the American Journal of the Medical Sciences—with a complete assortment of School and Classical Books. Likewise, Worcester's second Reading and Spelling Book.

GENERAL DEPOSIT FOR PUBLISHERS—Portland, Maine.

S. COLMAN,
AGENT for Publishers of Books

A & Periodical Journals, throughout the Union, has made a General Deposit at Portland, Maine, from which place, quarterly and monthly journals will be sent to all parts of the State, by mail or otherwise.

WAVERLEY NOVELS.

Revised by the author, SIR WALTER SCOTT, beautifully printed in 12mo, with a Frontispiece to each volume. In order to place these celebrated works within the reach of every one desirous of possessing a perfected copy, a subscription has been opened at the low price of sixty two and a half cents a volume, payable on delivery. "This edition will be enriched with, what its possessors cannot fail to deem a decoration of infinitely high value, numerous notes and illustrations by the author."—SPECTATOR.

Orders for Books, also for English Magazines and Newspapers, supplied with punctuality.
Portland, March, 1830. 48tf

NATIONAL PHILANTHROPIST, AND INVESTIGATOR,

AND GENIUS OF TEMPERANCE.

THIS is a weekly paper, published on Wednesdays, in the city of Boston. Its triple name is occasioned by the union of three different publications in one, and expresses the peculiar objects to which it is devoted: the cause of general philanthropy, the investigation of political ethics, and the suppression of intemperance and its kindred vices.

The publication is designed to be strictly secular, in distinction from the religious periodicals of the different sects. It cannot therefore interfere with the religious tenets of any religious denomination. It will endeavor to promote that sound morality which should be cherished by all good citizens. Without entering the arena of party politics, it will endeavor to advocate public justice and political honesty; to promote a knowledge of the fundamental principles of political ethics; to trace the connexion between these principles and the genius of our free institutions; and to promote those virtuous habits, without which, civil liberty cannot long exist among any people. And also, that it may answer all the useful purposes of a newspaper, it contains a weekly summary of the passing intelligence, both foreign and domestic. A condensed abstract of Congressional proceedings. A journal of the legislative proceedings of this State; and an impartial view of political proceedings throughout the country.

TERMS.—\$2 50 per annum, if paid in advance, or within three months from the commencement of a year; or three dollars per annum if not paid till after the expiration of that period. To individuals or companies, who take 6 or more copies, (sending the pay free of expense, and without being called on by the Editors or travelling agents) a discount of 15 per cent. will be made.

Persons who authorize the entry of their names on our list, will be considered subscribers until they give intimation of a wish to discontinue.

N. B. Those who wish to avail themselves of the lowest terms will be expected to call, or send the pay, free of expense to us, without waiting to be called upon. Payments in advance are earnestly solicited, as being most economical to subscribers, and essential to the prosperity and continuance of the publication. No new subscriptions received except on advance payments.
Feb. 10, 1830.

New Goods.

JUST received on consignment by the subscriber a much larger assortment of INDIA, ENGLISH and AMERICAN GOODS, than he has ever before had, and which he is authorized to sell at the very lowest prices for cash. Also Leghorn and other Bonnets cheap.
ASA BARTON, Agent.
May 18th. 3w 47

JUST received and ready for delivery, The May number of the Christian Examiner and General Review, also the American Journal of Education. Subscriptions received for the above and most other Periodical works.

A LITTLE CHEAPER THAN CHEAP!!!

AT THE CHEAP STORE,
No. 1, Mitchell's Buildings, opposite Casco Bank,

HAVE been received, an extensive assortment of Staple and Fancy

Dry Goods,

adapted to the present and approaching seasons. Among which are—

BROADCLOTHS & CASSIMERES; Black and Green LUSTRINGS; Slate PONGEES; Black and colored Canton CRAPES; Rawlsilk, Brocade and Valentin SHAWLS; White CAMBRICS; Cambric MUSLINS; Plain and figured Jacksonet MUSLINS (for Dresses); Plain and figured Book MUSLINS; White Pocket and NECKERCHIEFS; Plaid and Stripe CRAVATS; large assortment of Cotton and Silk FLAG HANDKERCHIEFS; fancy Silk and Gauze HDKFS; Green Gauze and Crapes for Veils; black Lace VELS, (very cheap); Bonnet and Cap RIBBONS; Beltings, cheap; brown CAMBRICS for Bonnets; White Cotton HOSE, at 1s to 25 cts. GLOVES at 1s and 25 cts; black Silk Handkerchiefs, 25 cts to 50. Striped JEANS & DRILLINGS for summer wear; Navarino BONNETS, cheap; Cotton Umbrellas, cheap; BED TICKINGS, SHEETINGS and SHIRTINGS; CALICOES at 12 1-2 cts and 1s, &c. &c.

Purchasers from the country will find it for their advantage to call at the above Store. As all Goods will be offered at prices probably a little lower than can be found elsewhere, for cash.

WM. D. LITTLE.
Portland, May 18. 47 3m

HATS, HATS.



THE subscriber offers for sale at his Old Establishment in Norway Village, at Wholesale and Retail, a large assortment of HATS of every fashion and quality, as cheap as can be purchased in Portland for Cash, and warranted as good.

CONSISTING OF
Men's Black NAP T HATS, from \$1.75 to \$3.00. A large assortment of DRAB HATS—Men and Boy's FELT HATS, very cheap—Children's DRAB FELT HATS, and Low Crown Drab Felt Hats.

Full persons indebted to the subscriber over one year's standing, are requested to settle the same by the last of May next, as he is in immediate want of money.

DANIEL YOUNG.
Norway Village, April 20, 1830. 43 6w

RUFUS F. BEAL,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.



WOULD respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has opened a Shop (up stairs) in the building recently erected by Ezra F. Beal, in Norway-village, where he intends to carry on the SHOE MAKING BUSINESS. Ladies' Morocco, Kid and Lasting, Walking and Dress Shoes, made in the best style, at as cheap a rate as can be done elsewhere. Also, Gentlemen's Boots and Shoes made in a style which cannot fail to suit.

Boots and Shoes repaired in a faithful manner at short notice.
R. F. B. hopes, by faithfulness, punctuality, and attention to his business, that he shall merit a share of the public patronage.
Norway-village, May 4, 1830.

TEMPERANCE SOCIETY NOTICE.

THE OXFORD MEDICAL TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION met in Norway Village on Thursday, February 25, 1830, according to adjournment.

After individually expressing their views in relation to the importance of observing and promoting temperance, and to the evils resulting from the use of intoxicating agents, the association voted to appoint a committee of three persons, viz. Dr. JACOB TEWKESBURY, REV. BARROWS, M. D. and Dr. J. S. MILLET, to confer with the executive committee of the Oxford County Temperance Society, in designating a person to deliver an address at their next annual meeting to be held at Waterford on Wednesday the seventh day of July next.

The committee conferred and appointed the Rev. CARLTON HURN, of Fryeburg, to officiate on the occasion, who is expected to pronounce an address on the subject of temperance at their next annual meeting, at the time and place before mentioned. NAT'L. GRANT, Sec'y.
Norway Village, Feb. 25, 1830.

The Medical Temperance Association and the Oxford County Temperance Society will meet in the Congregational Meeting-house in Waterford on the day assigned, at 10 o'clock.

10,000 POUNDS

SCRAP IRON.

CASH

WILL be given, at half a cent per pound, for 10,000 pounds Scrap IRON delivered at this office.
May 24.

7-15-2-12-23-25-32-22-36
WERE the drawn numbers in Class No. 5. Ticket having o' it 22-25 and 32, a prize of THIRTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS, was sold at Barton's lucky office.
19-30-25-13-57-22-28-32-11-51
Were the drawn numbers in Class No. 5. Ticket having o' it 22-25 and 32, a prize of THIRTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS, was sold at Barton's lucky office.
May 17. 47 47

POETRY.

FOR THE OXFORD OBSERVER.

A VISIT TO MY BIRTH PLACE.

My toilsome journey it is o'er,
My native town it appears;
I had not seen the place before
For twenty-four long years
But O, how alter'd the face
Of ev'ry thing around;
Nothing I saw in all the place
That seem'd like native ground.
I saw, as musing on my way,
So pensively along,
The scenes and groves to childhood dear
Were all destroy'd and gone.
Like strangers all my brethren seem'd,
They scarce believ'd it true;
How could it be their sister M,
Who formerly they knew.

And then my ancient dwelling place,
The chamber where I slept,
It all appear'd so strange to me,
Alas, I could have wept.

How sad, how empty was the place,
How gloomy all around;
For all around appar'd to me
Like one vast burial ground.

My former friends were mostly dead,
And those that did remain,
So many tales of sorrow told
My heart was chill'd with pain.

But one there was in all the place,
(Although despoil'd by time,)
My dearest friend in early days,
A friend that still was mine.

And O, what joy beam'd from her eye
When I pronounc'd her name,
And added, with a stifled sigh
"Have you forgotten M?"

She rose and clasp'd me to her breast,
We wept in silence there,
While we possess'd a happiness
Which none but friends can share.

Ye misers hoast of glitt'ring dust,
Of treasures without end,
I've something that outweighs them all,
If I've a REAL FRIEND.

THE VEGETATIVE PISTOL.

THE COURT OF REQUESTS.

O'Reilly, vs. Fagan.

This case came on to be heard before the Commissioners, on Saturday last, and excited a good deal of amusement in a very crowded court. We have obtained, [says the London paper from which we extract it] an accurate short hand report of the proceedings:

Crier. Tim O'Reilly!
Tim. Here your Onor!
Crier. Larry Fagan!
Larry. Aint I under your nose?

Crier. Come into Court! and the plaintiff and defendant entered, each taking his scone by the forelock, and dragging it down as an apology for an obedience.

Commissioners. Well! Mr. O'Reilly, what have you to say against Mr. Fagan.

Tim. A great dale, your Onor. Commissioner. Make it as short as you can, Mr. O'Reilly, for we have abundance of business this morning.—How was this debt of 39s. 11 3-4d. incurred?

Tim. Devil incur there's in it, please your Onor: case its the price of a fowling piece of mine that he has, and I cant get it out of his clutches by no means at all!

Commissioner. Did you lend it to him?

Tim. Devil a lend, your Onor.

Commissioner. Did you sell it to him?

Tim. Devil a sell it, your Reverence!

Com. Come, then, tell us all about it.

Tim. And that I will, your worship, (and he wiped his mouth, and pulled up his unmentionables.) You must know, your worship, that this man, that is to say, Larry Fagan here's father and mine were gossips, and lived at Scullabogue, in Ireland.

Com. At where?

Tim. At Scullabogue, to be sure, your Onor.

Com. I'm afraid I should split my scull if I were to have that name to repeat often.

Tim. Devil a split, your Onor, 'tisn't a little thing that'd split that. (A laugh.)

Com. Go on if you please.

Tim. It's that I will, your Onor.—Larry Fagan's father that's there; no he's not here neither, becase he's dead; but Larry's father comes in one day to my father that's dead too; and says he, "Tim," for my father was a Tim before me, "is it yourself that had leu'd me your gun to shoot old grumpy?" that was the name of a sow of his, your Reverence, because I think she's dying out of old age, and I'd just put her out of her misery; "Faith and to be sure I will, says my father that was, but the devil a powder or shot I have. Never mind that, says old Fagan, God rest his soul, powder or no powder, I'll be bound I'll do for her; and with that my father gives him the gun from off the mantle, where I remember it from the hour of my birth, and out he goes; well your Onor, I thought I'd folly him to see the sow shot, and out I goes too.

Com. What! then he went to shoot the pig without powder or shot.

Tim. It's truth, your spake, your Onor, and I went to see him.

Com. And did he shoot the pig without ammunition?

Tim. It's he did. (Loud laughter in court.)

Crier. Order! order! among them are people as is laughing!

Com. Go on, Mr. O'Reilly, if you please.

Tim. Where was I? You put me out, and I forgot what I was saying.

Mr. Fagan, the defendant, dryly said: "liars ought to have good memories."

Tim. Turning towards Fagan, "who do you call a liar, your spalteen? I'd be after painting your countenance for a farthing."

Com. Not here, Mr. O'R. if you will be so obliging. Go on, if you please, you were just shooting the pig without powder or shot.

So I was, your Onor, (aside—and turning with a scowl towards Fagan, "your soul to the gallows, I wish I had you in the street.")

Com. Proceed: proceed: good Mr. O'Reilly.

Tim. Yes, your Onor: Where did you say I was?

Com. You were going to tell us how the defendant's father killed old grumpy. [laughter]

Tim. Bad luck to that thief; he's quite bewildered me.

Com. Now do go on Mr. O'R. you went out, you say, with Mr. Fagan and the gun.

Tim. I did, your Onor, and our dog Scabby and we goes to Fagan's boggard where the poor owld sow was, and so Mr. Fagan goes up to her, as she was lying on her back, and he says to her, "God be good unto me," and with the butt end of the gun he gave her a blow on the head that stopped her, your Onor, and after that he borrys my knife, and by the same token here it is, [he produced an old pocket knife, and cut her throat—and so the devil a word more she spoke.

Com. My good fellow, what has this to do with the defendant?

Tim. Whist, and I'll tell you. Where was I?—Well, so after he shot the sow—

Com. He didn't shoot her, but knocked her brains out, and then cut her throat.

Tim. Well, that's the same thing sure.

Com. It may be in Ireland, but not in this country; but come to the point.

Tim. I'm coming as fast as a horse's trot—Well, your Onor' owld Fagan took the gun home and never returned it from that day to this; myself came over to this country to seek my fortune; and last Martlemas, I heard as my father had gone to heaven, your Onor, the Lord be merciful to him!

Mr. Fagan again interfered in his dry way:—"Be my conscience, if he's gone to heaven, he's the last of the O'Reillys that will travel that road."

Tim. What's that you say, you —!

Com. Never mind what he says, but finish your evidence.

Tim. Devil a word more I've to say, barrin one day, when I went into Larry's room there, what should I see but the same owld gun, as my father lent to his father, and which was never returned, and which is my property, because it was my father's before me; and it's for the value of that same gun I brought him before your worship.

Com. Is that all you've got to say, Mr. O'Reilly?

Tim. It is, your worship, and what more would you have a body say?

Com. Not a word, you have said enough. Now, [turning to Mr. Larry Fagan,] what have you to say on the subject?

Larry. Not much, your Onor.

Com. The less the better: how do you account for the possession of the gun?

Larry. Aisy enough, your worship.

Com. Come let us hear—have you got the gun in court?

Larry. To be sure I have, and a witness too; that's better than a gun.

Com. Produce both.

Larry. Mick, come in with the fowling piece; and Mick, a caroty-headed bricklayer's laborer, worked his way through the crowd to the presence of the Commissioner, with an old rusty musket in his hand.

Com. [Turning to O'Reilly.] Is that your gun?

Tim. May be it aint.

Com. Is it, I ask you?

Tim. Why to be sure it is.

Com. Well now, Mr. Fagan, call your witness.

Larry. I needn't call him your Onor, for there he is [pointing to Mick.]

Com. Well, Mick, what's your name besides Mick?

Mick. Flanagan, your honor.

Com. Well, Mr. Flanagan, what do you know about this gun?

Mick. Good dale, your Onor.

Com. To whom does it belong?

Mick. To Larry Fagan and his father before him to be sure, your Onor.

Com. How do you know that?

Mick. Aisy enough, your Onor.

Com. Where did you see it first?

Mick. Och! a long time ago.

Com. Where?

Mick. At owld Mr. Fagan's at Scullabogue, to be sure.

nothing but a pocket pistol? A loud roar of laughter here put the business of the court to a stand still, and the Commissioners themselves could no longer preserve their gravity. Mick looked astonished, for he did not seem to be advised of his having said any thing particularly humorous—but he was still more astonished when he was ordered out of the Court for his barefaced impudence, and saw the gun safely delivered into the hands of Mr. O'Reilly, who kissed it with as much fervor, as if he had just recovered a long lost relative.

Mr. Fagan also looked amazed at the failure of his ingenious defence, and went away swearing he would employ Lawyer Phillips to bring the matter before the House of Lords.

NOTICE.

THE Oxford Medical Association will meet at Smith's Inn, Norway Village, on Thursday the THIRD of June next, at ten o'clock, A. M. for the purpose of adopting By-Laws, electing the necessary Officers, and transacting any other business that may be thought expedient. A general attendance is requested.

Gentlemen Physicians of the County, who have not as yet attended the meetings of the Society are respectfully requested to attend as above.

May 11th, 1830. 4w 36

The following STANDARD MEDICINES have ever proved a safe, economical and efficacious cure for some of the most dangerous diseases:—

DUMFRIES' REMEDY FOR THE PILES!

THE proprietor begs leave to recommend (which he does with the fullest confidence) one of the most valuable remedies known for this troublesome and painful complaint. Without going into detail, he deems it enough to say, he has in his possession the most undoubted testimonials that it has more completely answered the purpose for which it is intended, than any other popular medicine.

This remedy is perfectly innocent in its application, to all conditions, ages and sexes. Full directions, description of the complaint, &c. accompany each packet, which consists of two boxes, Ointment and Electuary. Price \$1 for the whole, or 50 cents if but one of the articles is wanted.

TO THOSE AFFLICTED WITH CORNS.

THE celebrated ALBION CORN PLASTER affords instant relief, and at the same time dissolves and draws the Corn out by the roots, without the least pain.

CERTIFICATE.—"To those afflicted with Corns on their feet, I do certify, that I have used the Albion Corn Plaster, with complete success. Before I used one box, it completely cured a corn which had troubled me for many years. I make this public for the benefit of those afflicted with that painful complaint."

WM. SHAW.

Flushing, L. I. Feb. 28."

Prepared from the original Recipe in MS of the late Dr. W. T. Conway, by his immediate Successor and sole Proprietor, T. KIDDER, and sold wholesale by him at his counting-room over No. 97. (formerly called 70,) Court-street, head of Hanover-street, near Concert Hall, Boston, and retailed by his special appointment (together with all the valuable Medicines as prepared by the late Dr. Conway,) by

ASA BARTON, Norway, (Me)

. Observe that none are genuine without the written signature of T. KIDDER, on the outside printed wrapper.

. A large discount made to those who buy to sell again. May 18. 4w 4w

New Bargains.

C. J. STONE,

CORNER OF COURT AND MIDDLE-STREETS, PORTLAND.

HAS just received from the New York Auctions a large assortment of SEASONABLE GOODS, purchased at great sacrifices, and will be sold lower than ever previously offered—among which are—

LADIE'S Blue, Brown, Olive & Mix't Cloths from 8/3 to \$8; 20 ps Tartan, Scotch and Rob Roy Plaids from 20 cts to 2s; Red, White, Yellow and Green FLANNELS; 50 ps fine Circassians, assorted Colors 25 cts to 2/6 per yard; 5 cases fancy Calicoes 8 to 12 1-2 cts; 6 cases very rich dark fancy Prints 10 to 28 cts; 1 case fine Philadelphia Plaids, 12 1-2 cts; Rich dark English, French and German Gingham; 50 doz. Cotton and Silk Flag Hdks 12 1-2 to 2/3; 2200 yds Bobbinet and Mecklin Laces 2 cts to 1s; Blk Levantine, Gros de Naples and Italian Silks. Blk Nankin & Canton Crapes \$2.75 to \$6; Blk & White Lace Veils 2s to \$4; Superfine 4/4 Checks at 1s; 20 Bales Brown & Bleached Shirtings and Sheetings 5 to 20 cts. Super Ticking 13 to 25 cts; black and other cols Bombazetts 15 cts to 1s; Satinets; Cassimeres; blk & slate Worsteds; Hosiery; Silk do; Gentleman's and Ladie's Silk, Beaver, Horseman's and Kid Gloves; Hosiery and York tan Mitts; Mens Stout Buckskin Gloves; Ribbons; Laces; Braids; Cords; 1 case Pins; Linens; Long Lawns; White, Blk and Red Merino Shawls; White, Blk and col'd Cambrics; Plain and fig'd Bock, Jacksonet, Cambrick & Swiss Muslins—with many other articles too numerous to mention.

N. B. A liberal Credit will be given to country Dealers. Nov. 3. 19

Vegetable Pulmonary BALSAM;

For sale Wholesale and Retail by ASA BARTON.

The most valuable remedy discovered for Consumptions, Asthma, Pleurisy, Spitting of Blood, Hooping Coughs, and Pulmonary Affections of every kind.

IT is impossible to present the public with all the evidence which the proprietors possess in favor of the highly salutary operation of this BALSAM, as certificates of its happy effect are continually received. A few however will be given for the satisfaction of those who may be troubled with the complaints for which this balsam is offered as a remedy.

NEW CERTIFICATES.

Certificate of Gen. Blanchard.

I was, about the 1st of May, 1828, troubled with the following distressing symptoms: Faintness, pain through the back and left side, tightness across the chest, difficulty of breathing, tickling in the throat with a sense of suffocation, night sweats, loss of appetite, debility, swelling of the feet and ankles, raising of mucus, with severe fits of coughing, more particularly morning and evening, with a great prostration of strength and a disposition to be bolstered up when in bed—about the 20th of August I was reduced so low that my friends gave me up as incurable; about this time I heard of the Vegetable Pulmonary BALSAM, and after much solicitation, was induced to make a trial—(all other remedies had failed,) and was surprised at the sudden relief it gave me. I continued taking the balsam until my health was restored; and do most cheerfully recommend it to all those who may be troubled with consumptive complaints. About the 10th of Feb. last I took a violent cold which brought on similar symptoms as above described. I immediately procured a bottle of the Balsam and found relief in a few days, which to me, is a very strong proof that it was the balsam that relieved me in the first instance.

REUBEN BLANCHARD.

Peacham, March 4, 1829.

Certificate of Ashley Martin.

This certifies that my wife having from youth up been troubled with the Asthma such as is termed Hereditary Asthma, was reduced so low that for the last ten years she has at times been considered beyond recovery, having a severe pain in her side, through her back and shoulders, with a pain and stricture across the chest, loss of appetite, severe cough, with a suffocating sensation, on lying down, being compelled to be bolstered up during the night, with great prostration of strength; after all remedies had failed she was advised to make use of the vegetable Pulmonary Balsam, and was entirely relieved by the use of two bottles; her complaints were removed, her appetite returned and she now enjoys better health than she has for ten years past.

ASHLEY MARTIN.

Peacham, January 17, 1828.

An eminent physician of N. Hampshire writes:—I am satisfied the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam is a valuable medicine. It has lately been used with complete success in a severe lung complaint, attended with the raising of much blood, which has resisted every other prescription.

The wife of a Clergyman of Boston, was considered past recovering from a disease of the lungs, in the spring of 1828; whose restoration to health was ascribed, both by her physician and her husband, to the use of the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam.

A child of Boston, aged 5 years, was attacked with the hooping cough early in the spring of 1828, and notwithstanding several remedies were prescribed for her relief, continued to suffer from violent paroxysms of coughing until Feb. 1829, when she was effectually relieved by four doses of the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam.

An Agent from Maine writes as follows:—"the sale of the Pulmonary Balsam increases, and I am happy to say that in very many instances in which I have heard from it, it gives good satisfaction, and I think is really a good article, and from this circumstance, and that of its moderate price, a good sale may be expected."

Dated Feb. 21, 1828.

An agent in New-Hampshire states that the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam is highly approved and recommended by their Physicians.

Many other certificates, from sources of the first respectability, may be examined on the bill of Directions. Price 50 cents a bottle. comly 47

ASHES!

WANTED.

WANTED by the subscriber 2000 Bushels well burnt Dry House ASHES, for which he will give 14 cents per Bushel—pay one half in Goods, the other half CASH.

N. B. The subscriber will continue to take Ashes until the first of June.

INCREASE ROBINSON.

Norway, Feb. 9, 1830. 33 if

STRAY SHEEP.

STRAYED from the subscriber, or stolen, last fall, a horned ewe SHEEP, midling sized—marked with a hole in the left ear—at a distance resembling a ram. If any person has taken up said sheep and will acquit the subscriber, so that said sheep may be found, shall be amply paid for their trouble and expense.

JOHN ROWE, JR. Oxford, April 14th, 1830. 3w 45

NEW BOOKS.

JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE,

BELL'S Treatise on the Teeth, a new and valuable work containing eleven plates; McCulloch on Remittent and Intermitent diseases; Barton's Medical Botany, a very splendid work containing fifty plates.

Also, volumes 1 and 2 of the Encyclopædia Americana, a popular dictionary of arts, sciences, literature, history, and politics, brought down to the present time and including a copious collection of original articles in American Biography, on the basis of the seventh edition of the German Conversations-Lexicon—edited by Dr. Francis Lieber, assisted by Edward Wigglesworth, Esq. to be completed in twelve large volumes, octavo, price to subscribers, two dollars and a half each—the cheapest work ever published in the United States.

Benjamin's System of Architecture, new edition; Nicholson's operative Mechanic, with one hundred plates; Complete Millwright, new edition; the Divinity of Christ, an Unitarian Tract, price 5 cents; a Dialogue on some of the causes of Infidelity, price 4 cents; with a complete assortment of Unitarian publications.

ASA BARTON, Agent. May 1st. 3w 45

MEDICINES, &c.

JUST received and for sale by the subscriber the following Medicines, which are warranted to be of the first quality, viz:—

Opium—Jalap—Ipecac—Piera—Tartar Emetic—Tartaric Acid—Nitric Acid—Red Lavender—Castor Oil—Cantharides—Camphor—Oil Cinnamon—Oil Lemon—Oil Anise—Oil Bergamot—Oil Cummin—Balsam Capaiva—Aloes—Gum Galbanum—Gum Arabic—Quassia—Senna—Pink Root—Sugar Lead—Magnesia—Cream Tartar—Litharge—Anise Seed—Red Precipitate—Nutmegs—Otter—Blue Vitral—Indelible Ink—Dean's Rheumatic Pills—Jewett's Vegetable Pills—Jewett's Jaundice Bitters; Jewett's Stomach Plasters; Pulmonary Balsam; German Elixer, a most valuable medicine for colds and coughs; Thompson's Eye Water; Opodeldoc; Epsom Salts; Corrosive Sublimate; Huxham's tincture of Bark; Oil of Spike; Oil of Rose-mary; Squills; Balsam of Life; Brown's Drops for Fitts; Balm of Egypt; Restorative Elixer; British Oil; Pile Ointment; Headache Snuff; Spring's Rheumatic and Bone Paste, a most powerful remedy for Rheumatic complaints—with a great variety of Patent Medicines, some of which are truly valuable, and all of which are warranted genuine.

Persons who wish to purchase the true and genuine patent medicines, will do well to recollect that they are not sold by Pedlars, and that for the most of them the subscriber is the only Agent for selling them in this County.

ASA BARTON. 44 3

Norway, April 23.

OXFORD COUNTY TAXES.

NOTICE is hereby given that taxes have been assessed by order of the Court of Sessions for the County of Oxford on the following described Townships or Tracts of land in said County of Oxford, viz:

Township No. 1, 1st Range, A. D.	1828—6.77
same,	1829—7.52
Township No. 1, letter A,	1827—8.00
same,	1828—8.00
same,	1829—8.00
Township No. 2, letter A,	1827—8.00
same,	1828—8.00
same,	1829—8.00
Township No. 2, 1st Range,	1829—7.47
do do 3, 1st do,	1829—9.06
do do 4, 3d do,	1829—7.11
do do 4, 4th do,	1829—7.52
do do 2, 2d do,	1828—7.02
same,	1829—7.82
Township No. 7,	1827—6.71
same,	1828—6.71
same,	1829—7.47
Andover surplus, west,	1826—3.02
same,	1827—3.35
same,	1828—3.35
same,	1829—3.35
Township letter D,	1828—6.35
same,	1829—6.35
Township No. 5, 3d Range,	1828—6.03
same,	1829—7.70
Township No. 5, 2d Range,	1829—5.54

Now, therefore, the proprietors or owners of said Townships or Tracts of Land are hereby notified that, unless said taxes and incidental charges are paid within six months from the date hereof, warrants will be issued to the Sheriff of said County, requiring him to make sale of said lands according to the directions of the law in such cases made and provided.

HENRY RUST, Treasurer of said County. Norway, May 4, A. D. 1830. 3w 45

GROCERY WARE.

E. WHITMAN.

At the store formerly occupied by Leach & Whistman, No. 6, Merchant's Row, keeps constantly on hand, assorted crates for country trade. Former customers of L. & W. are requested to call.

Portland, June 18, 1829.

Book and Job Printing

NEATLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE.

THE OBSERVER.